

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

The Silver Lining

A. MARIA CRAWFORD

"Look for the silver lining!" varoled a cheerful youngster evidently familiar with the words of a pretty musical comedy song. It was not easy advice to follow, though Bill Barton, limping along in the spring sunshine, watching the lad's sturdy legs that once in a while skipped a little through sheer exuberance of youthful energy and joy. Bill envied him. Once he had two good legs like that, and now—well—it might have been worse. But the surgeons had fixed him up. He wouldn't have given a dollar and a half for his leg when he came off the battlefield and first saw it. There was one thing certain. He could never lose his soul for tottling too much now—did pretty fair just to limp along.

He squared his shoulders—didn't want one of them to sag. He had always been proud of those broad shoulders.

"Heigh-ho, Captain Bill! What a jolly little place this old world is after all!" cried a big, strapping fellow, nimbly jumping the gutter to rush up to him.

"Stan, old boy, this is luck—You live here?" Bill smiled at him, pumping his arm up and down in genuine pleasure to see him. Stanley Field had been his first lieutenant, and on that red day when he had got his Stan had stopped long enough to order Bill carried out of range of the big guns.

They went into Stanley's club and had a long talk about everything. Bill told him how interminable the time had seemed there in the government hospital in Washington. Years out of his life! Think of that! He grinned when he said it, but his heart was lead, thinking of the weariness of that long wait. Leg pretty good now. Of course he limped, but he was jolly well glad he was going on his own legs, reinforced, instead of one some carpenter had made. He'd never cut a pigeon wing again! Remember, in camp? Gosh, he could whirl so fast he looked like one of those twirling dervishes from Arabia in a circus stunt.

Stan remembered all that, and more. "Say Bill, ever seen that little blonde any more? Looked like a Madonna—the one at our last billet? She used to dance with you all the time. Never seemed to see the rest of us. Alive somebody. Lord there was a regular girl!"

"Alice Mobry," answered Bill, all the light dying out of his deep brown eyes. "I wrote to her until I was sure I was going to be a real cripple. Then I just quit."

"You're no cripple," said Stan with a frown. "I don't even notice that little limp of yours. I'll bet that girl lost a lot of sleep wondering, grieved about you. Funny! I've often thought about you and her. That was one romance of the war, I told myself." Then seeing the strained look in his old pal's face he quickly changed the subject. "Meet me here tonight at 7 and have dinner with me. Later I'll go down to the boat with you if you are determined to sail for home in the morning. Nice trip back by way of Charleston, Home. Gee, I'll bet those southern parents of yours have killed the fatted calf, all right."

"They've had a long time to fatten it, haven't they?" laughed Bill. "Thanks, old man. See you at 7." Dear old Stan! Bill looked after him affectionately. No use telling him that he had already been home three different times, only to have to travel back to Walter Reed Hospital for a little more work on that game leg. But this trip was the last. He was going home to stay. That morning he had caught a train from Washington to attend a little business in New York before he took the boat for Charleston. He looked up and down the street, humming with the busy life of the metropolis. He had the afternoon before him.

He would walk over to the avenue and get up on top of a bus and watch the human tide ebb and flow. It always interested him. Then he might catch a glimpse of her again. She lived in New York. He had wanted to telephone to her the first thing that morning but, after four years, she was probably married. Anyway, she would never forgive him for not telling her why he had failed to answer all those letters she had sent. Those letters and his damnable pride! His mind must have been sick along with his body, otherwise he would have sent her some word. Too late now!

He squared his broad shoulders, trying as always to keep one from sagging when he limped. There was no traffic cop at that corner, but he determined to move on and take his chance with the other pedestrians.

A blue limousine was purring noiselessly down crowded Broadway. Pretty thing. Brand-new model, too. Then a car arrested his attention. "Stop! It's Bill! O Bill!"

He looked after the car, dazed a bit. The chauffeur had jammed the door of the car was opening. Alice Mobry was running back to him. He limped back to the car, helped her in, got in beside her. But to have saved his life he could not think of a word to say. He just looked at her. He had forgotten that a girl could be so pretty. Then his devouring eyes rested suddenly on her hands. Little hands, gloved in gray. They were trembling. She was clutching them together. His subconscious mind must have forced him to make the movement. He certainly did not think about it. But he put his own over hers and held them close. Right there on Broadway, with all the world to

Alice, dear, it almost killed me not to write to you, but when I found out that I—was going to be lame for life—I limped along

Fried Tomatoes
on Toast

By BERTHA SHAPLEIGH

Of Columbia University.

Now that tomatoes are at their best and cheap, one should use them often and serve them cooked or raw at almost every meal. When a tomato is stuffed with meat, or egg, or fried and served with a cream sauce it is a hearty dish for either luncheon or supper. The following recipe supplies all that is needed except a sweet:

6 large tomatoes
Butter or bacon fat
6 slices toast
2 cups milk
4 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper

Wash, cut tomatoes in halves, roll each piece in flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Fry in butter or bacon fat until a nice brown, and soft but not broken.

Make a sauce by melting butter, adding flour and seasonings; add milk and cook until smooth and thickened.

Toast bread quickly on either side. Dip each slice in the sauce, and place on a platter. On it put the fried tomatoes, and pour around them the remainder of the sauce. The dish may be garnished with strips of bacon fried crisp, and parsley.

painfully—did you care that much?"

She had presence of mind then to order the chauffeur to drive home and the run to Park avenue was made silently. "What a miracle! He didn't care! He was going to tell her, tell her once more as he had whispered his love on a starry April night over there in Madame Julie's little flower garden, near his billet. He could still smell the yellow roses in that old world garden that had been Arcadia to them—Arcadia, along whose flowering trails one's feet may pass but once."

She did not wait for him to take the initiative. The correct old butler had scarcely closed the door until she whirled toward Bill, eyes bright, lips quivering, her hands out. "Begin at the very beginning! Oh, I knew if I only had faith enough, you would come back! Tell me everything! Everything! But for a full fifteen minutes it was a wordless explanation."

He forgot about Sam until dinner was announced. Alice's father, mother and her quaint little grandmother in silk and lace had been plying him with so many questions, gently reproaching him for not showing up sooner and getting the welcome that had been waiting for him all the time that he could think of nothing but the satisfaction of those good people just how he had felt about the whole matter. Recalling his engagement at the club, he rushed to the telephone to call Stan.

"Tell him to jump into a taxi and run on over here!" Alice urged at his elbow. "Then we can ask—"

"That you, Stan? This is Bill. Want to know if you can be my best man at noon tomorrow? Trying to get her to say eight o'clock but she insists on having her beauty sleep." He smiled and slipped the receiver to Alice's ear.

Quite distinctly she heard Stan's excited voice. "By George, old man, you've found Alice! Haven't you?"

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ENTERPRISE

Class Social
Miss Beulah Ford entertained the members of her Sunday school class at a pleasant social last Thursday evening. A short program with games following enlivened the evening, and delicious refreshments were served. Those present were the Misses Katherine Vance, Alma Cotter, Mary Virginia Cottrill, Virginia McDougal, Louise Saunders, Thelma Pigott, Audra Shafer, Anna Gayle Petrick, Helen Petrick, Mary Virginia Guenard, Olive Hopson, Hilda Crisp, Grace Petrick, Mrs. Springer, Mary Saccelle, Lucy Saccelle, Mahel Pigott, Mervyl Morris and the Rev. and Mrs. T. J. Hopson.

Baptismal Service
After holding short services at the river's edge the Rev. T. J. Hopson administered baptism by immersion to Miss Grace Petrick and Arch Martin last Tuesday evening. The candidates are to be members of the local M. E. Church South.

Visits Brother
The Rev. W. A. Hopson of Poca, W. Va., is visiting his brother, the Rev. T. J. Hopson, and family in West Enterprise. The visiting brother preached in the local M. E. Church South last evening and will be entertained here while attending the annual conference which convenes at the Billingsley Memorial Church at Fairmont beginning Wednesday.

Family Reunion
A reunion of the Duncan family will be held at the farm home of Morgan Binghamon next Sunday. All members and connections of the family have been invited to be present. This is the fourth annual reunion of the Duncan clan.

Freeland-Martin
Announcements have been received by local people of the marriage of Miss Hazel Freeland and Dewie Martin. The ceremony was

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON.

THE WIZARD

Flap-Doodle heard Rudadub, the fairyman, tell Nancy and Nick something.

This was it. Rudadub said he knew a wizard who lived in a Dingle Dell.

"This wizard," said Rudadub, "will help you. He's as smart as pepperweed and he'll find some way for you to get the Fairy Queen's wand that Flap-Doodle stole, just as sure as anything."

"Tee, hee, hee!" laughed Flap-Doodle when he heard this. "He will help me? Well, we'll see about that!"

Flap-Doodle flew down to the earth (he'd been sitting on a star, you know) and waved his wand three times, over his head.

"Magic, magic, cast your spell, Make me a wizard in a Dingle Dell!"

he said.

performed at the home of the brides grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Dye of Wallace. The Rev. G. N. Connor, pastor of the Wallace M. E. Church, read the marriage service.

From Kentucky
Dr. G. W. Kirk, Miss Mary Kirk, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Brooks, all of Shepherdsburg, Ky., compose a party of relatives who are being entertained at the home of Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Nutter this week.

Attending Fair
Mrs. Bird Tichenor and her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Downes of Weiketa, Okla., who has been visiting here for some time, were at Pennsboro this week where they attended the Ritchie County fair and visited friends.

Record Crop
J. V. Rowley of Shinnston, who will be principal of schools here this winter, is claiming the champion potato crop. Mr. Rowley planted three-fortieths of an acre and harvested thirty-three bushels of fine potatoes which would equal 440 bushels per acre.

Saltwell Home-Coming
Many persons from here attended the first annual homecoming of the Saltwell community which was held last Thursday. The event was an all-day affair, the chief feature being the bountiful dinner served at the noon hour.

Farm Club Picnic
Among those attending the farm club picnic which was held at Jackson's Mills on last Thursday were Mrs. D. P. Cruikshank, Mrs. J. Hood Horner, Mrs. Arch Hill, Mrs. A. E. Sharps, Mrs. V. L. Horner and Mrs. Flora E. Horner, all members of the Lumberport Women's Club. The latter two members were at Jackson's Mills camp for the week preceding the picnic and returned home with others of the party.

Schools Open September 11.
Lumberport High School will open September 11 with the following teachers in charge: Superintendent, E. B. Whaley; Precentor, Mrs. E. B. Whaley; vocational agriculture, R. T. Grey; history, social science, athletics, N. G. Kiddie, principal of grades and junior high, A. B. Sharps; junior high school and English, Miss Viola Peterson, high school English, Miss Mildred Hutchinson; home economics, Miss Cora Harris; science and mathematics, Miss Elizabeth Boyd; supervisor of music and drawing, Miss Elizabeth Cavendish. Lumberport grades will open September 18.

Sick Boy Home
Paul Vernon, son of Mrs. Virginia Vernon, who was taken to St. Mary's Hospital at Clarksburg, and who was thought to be suffering from appendicitis, has returned home. It was found on reaching the hospital that he was suffering from a sprained muscle, and after a few days' treatment he is recovering rapidly.

County Agent Appointed
Russell H. Gist, until recently farm agent for Nelson County, Virginia, has been appointed as farm agent for Harrison County. The appointment was made by the executive committee of the farm bureau. The new agent will enter upon his duties November 1, succeeding Forest G. Hill, who recently resigned.

Motorists Home
Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Robey, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Shingleton and their families have returned from a recent major excursion which included a tour of eastern cities.

Has Operation
Miss Lillian Walls returned a few days ago from Clarksburg where she underwent an operation for the removal of her tonsils. At this time she is recovering nicely.

Return Home
Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Belman of New York City, who were the guests of the former's sister, Mrs. Raymond Satterfield, left a few

days ago for their home. On their way they will spend a few days with relatives in Washington, D. C.

Changing Residence
Mr. and Mrs. Wick Tichenor are moving from the Tetrick flats to property in Railroad street. Mr. and Mrs. Earl Satterfield will move to the property owned by the Tichenor family.

Home From Visit
The Misses Beulah Tetrick and Lorene Sturm have returned home from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Claude Tetrick of Meadville, Pa.

While on their visit the young ladies, accompanied by their host and hostess, visited Niagara Falls and other points of interest.

Sell Farm
Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Riley have sold their farm residence on Robinson's Run to L. J. Martin of Wyatt. The Martin family will take possession of the property on October 1. Mr. Riley will move his family to Shinnston.

Personal
Miss Nina M. Ford has recently returned from a two weeks' visit with relatives at Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Marshall Vandergrift has returned from a visit with her

daughter, Mrs. William Dodd of Clarksburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Foster who were here for an extended visit with relatives, have returned to their home at Flat Bush, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Bliss Stewart of Crew, Va., were recent visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Stewart in Pike street.

Miss Catherine Fitzhugh, who was the guest of Miss Bernice Stewart, returned to her home in Fairmont the first of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lantis spent a part of last week as guests Mrs. Cooper of Clarksburg.

Mrs. William A. Meredith of Shinnston was a business visitor here on Tuesday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Pigott and daughter are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Homer Michaels of Urbane, Ohio.

H. P. Sturms of Sturms' Mills was looking after business matters here the first of last week.

Miss Jessie Brown has returned to her home in Mannington after a short visit with relatives here.

Mrs. Earl Harr of Bellview spent the week-end with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Tetrick of Meadville, Pa., arrived here Saturday and are guests of the former's parents Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Tetrick.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hardesty and children have returned to their home in Pittsburgh after a week's visit with relatives here.

FUNERAL OF KINTER BOY.
HELD HERE THIS MORNING

The funeral of Wilson Paul Kinter, 5 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Ross B. Kinter, whose death occurred Saturday morning, at the home of his parents, on Fifth street, was held this morning at 10:30 o'clock from the residence

and burial was made in Woodlawn cemetery by Muirgrave & Son. The services were conducted by the Rev. W. J. Eddy, pastor of the First Baptist Church.

BODY TAKEN TO ALABAMA.
The body of James Wiggles, colored, who was found dead on a car at the Ida May mines several days ago, was shipped yesterday by Carpenter & Ford to his late home at Besemer, Ala.

Launching the Marriage Ship

By ZOE HECKLEY

"If the car you sell is as nice as you are—" Mrs. Fuller paused slightly in her pleasant parting with Fred at the door. "—convinced it is, I'll buy it, and perhaps several of my Wall Street people will take my word about the car as they sometimes do on investments. Saturday afternoon, then. Good night, and how nice it's been!"

Her smile and handclasp were remarkable for the things they could convey, and Fred, as he mounted the stairs to his own apartment, was glad Connie had not been there to draw conclusions. It would be bad enough when he told her that instead of their usual Saturday run into the country he would have to take Mrs. Fuller out for a demonstration of Gypsy.

To his surprise, Connie asked few questions. But he was sure she got a lot of information from the bare facts he told her of his visit and of the appointment.

"Well, Freddie—I don't like that woman," was her only comment.

"Bless you, Hon, you don't have to," he answered cheerfully. "I don't have to bother with her further than Gypsy myself. But, Con, old kid, aren't you a bit unfair? You've spoken only five words with Mrs. Fuller. And, do you know, she's a perfect wiz on stocks and bonds. Mentioned a couple of motor issues I happen to know something about, and she'd had 'em down patter than their own salesmen! I can't make out how she manages any real Cleopatra business at the same time, darned if I do!"

Connie's impatience flashed.

"How dull men are! It's her Cleopatra game that makes her such a darn smart business man."

"Indeed I would! Don't you

one of the victims if I can help it?"

Fred stared—then chuckled. "You mean she's sweet to us millionaires so that we'll hand over our fortune for her to invest—and have her grab it? Gee,

that's an interesting idea." Then, more seriously, he added, "Really, Connie, to call a woman what you're hinting at, without any ground at all, isn't like you!"

"But I have ground. What has a woman got instict for?"

"Oh, Connie—you wouldn't convict a human being on account of what your instict tells you?"

"Indeed I would! Don't you

mean ever stake anything on what you call your 'hunches'?"

Fred pondered that and was properly impressed.

"All right, Freddie. I'll assume she's playing me for a sucker. She wants to get me as a client. Very well. Is there any reason two can't play that game? We don't have to buy her phony stock till after she has bought a real car do we?" And Fred winked, as a man who feels he has the situation well in hand, while his wife plays vaguely with "instict."

(To Be Continued)
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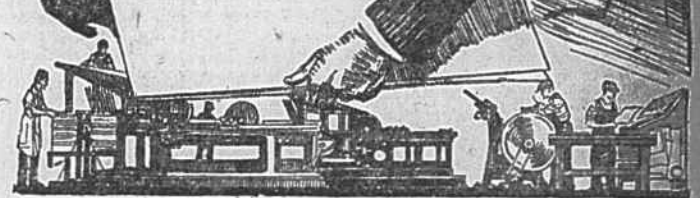
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CLOTHES

Play a Big Part When
One Is at School

It matters a lot in the minds of fair young misses and their friends at school whether one wears just the right thing on the campus. And for every occasion from the exam on Monday morning when one wears a simple little dress, to the first Formal on Friday night, which might call for a taffeta or crepe affair, we have the correct modes. It is a privilege to assist mothers and their daughters prepare for school or college.

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

HELLO, MRS. DUFF—GOING OUT FOR A LITTLE STROLL ALL BY YOURSELF?

NO, I'M GOING TO A MOVIE—MY HUSBAND DON'T CARE MUCH FOR THEM SO I'M GOING ALONE!

MOVIE, MOVIE, MOVIE, THAT'S ALL SOME OF THESE GIRLS THINK ABOUT! THEY'D WALK TEN MILES TO SEE ONE REEL—AND LOOK AT THE HAT SHE BOUGHT TODAY—FIFTEEN BUCKS FOR IT—WHAT'S SO HOT ABOUT THAT? LOOKS JUST LIKE HAT TO ME!

A WOMAN!

HELLO, MRS. LEE? CAN I SEE YOU ALONE FOR A MINUTE? I HAVE SOME VERY SPICY NEWS FOR YOU!

Scandal in the Flat

BY ALLMAN

